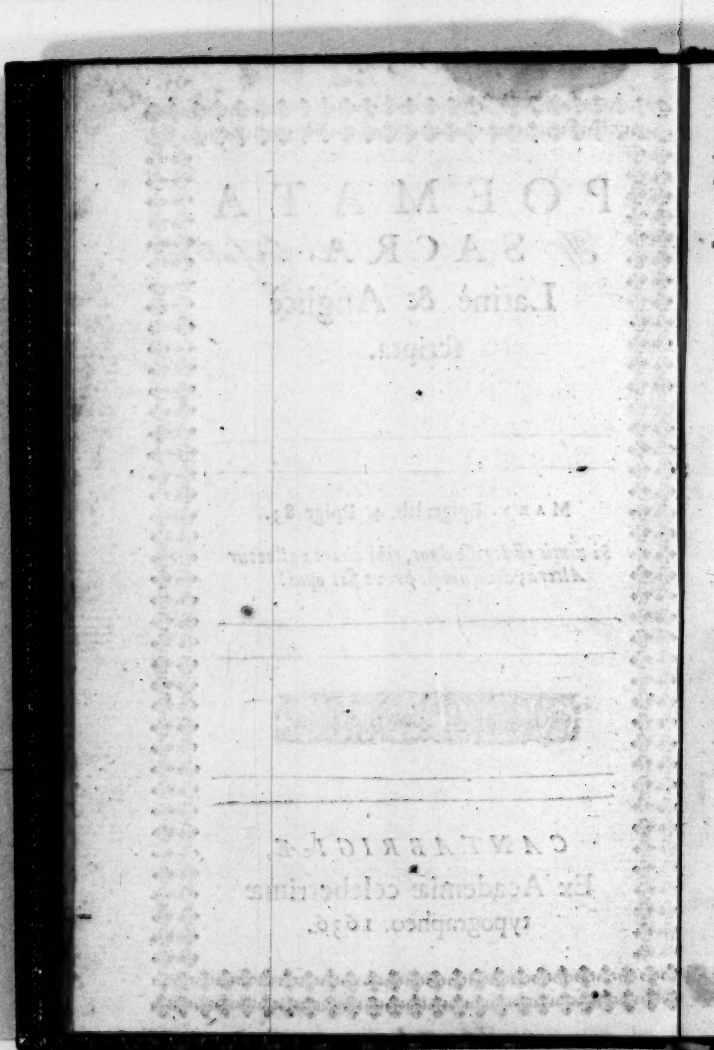
# POEMATA SACRA, Latinè & Anglicè scripta.

MART. Epigr. lib. 4. Epigr. 83.

*Si nimis eſt legiſſe duos, tibi charta plicetur*
*Altera; diviſum ſic breve fiet opus.*

*CANTABRIGIÆ*,
Ex Academiæ celeberrimæ
typographeo. 1636.



# VIRO ORNATISSIMO HEN. SMITH

## S. S. THEOLOGIÆ PROFESSORI, COLLEGII D. MAGDALENÆ

Reverendo admodum Præfecto, & Procancellario celeberrimæ Academiæ *Cantabrigienſis*, hæc paucula Sacra dicat. dedicátq; *I. S.*

*Doctiſsime Procancellarie,*

PAucula his illevi chartis, nè tibi, nè lectori nimius ſim. Si deſipui, malim pareè quàm profuſé. *Paucula*, inquam, nempe ut præludii vicem obtineant. Eſt leve onus carmen; ſed nolim carminum faſce onerare paginas. Præferre ſoleo Artificem qui formicas exili fecit artificio, Pictori qui bovem ingenti mole. Rident hæc carmina, ſi Tibi arrideant: ſi illæſa judicium evaſerint

Tuum, ab alienis haud metuent oculis. Sub tegmine fagi cecinit Maronis Paſtor: liceat mihi ſub umbra faſcium tuarum modulari. Me forſan aliqui Cenſoriâ flagellabunt virgulâ, vernaculam linguam Romanæ ſociantem : indulgeant precor; chartaceo ſinant pariete dirimi amatorculos haud iſti abſimili qui Pyramum à Thisbe divulſit. Reprimo calamum: fruere ( Vir Doctiſſime ) hoc otio noſtro, & feriis tuis me non malè feriatum perlege.

*Studioſiſſimus tui favoris,*

JOANN. SALTMARSH.

Ad

# VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM

## GUILIELMUM GREEN, *in Artibus Magiſtrum, auſa eſt interpellare officioſa pagina.*

DUm repit liber hic ad veſtra volumina, quærit,
An vacat exiguis rebus adeſſe tibi?
Te ſalvere jubet charta ambitioſa leviſque:
Sed poterit votis prægravis ire meis.
Te veſtiget honor: tibi num latitare licebit?
Languebunt tenebris lumina tanta ſuis?

---

*Tutori ſuo* Magiſtro PULLEN.

POſt nullos venerande meos, te Muſa ſalutat:
En! tremit & geſtit; certat amore timor.
Tu docto nimiùm vultu ſpectare ſolebas,
Carmina dum foliis ſtant tremebunda ſuis.
Ingenioſa tuâ pupillâ flamma relucet:
Quàm metuit tantas pupula Muſa faces!

Prodit

Prodit te facies, animúsque in corpore lucet:
In qua te legi pagina vultus erat.
Ecce tuas animæ virtutes vidimus omnes:
Sic vetuit vestras gemma latere rosas.
Quàm facilè valeo ceras implere capaces!
O quàm de calamo plurima gutta cadat!
In vota effundor, sed vincula carminis obstant:
Hei mihi! non laxis gressibus ire sinunt.
Imperium angustum fuerit tibi pagina nostra:
Te haud circum chartæ scripserit ora meæ.
Errans sed calamus gestit te pingere: charta
Una hæc nominibus stat bene picta tuis.

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*Viro erudito & amico suo*
Magistro Sugden.

MIgrant in nostras tua nomina, docte, tabellas:
Quæ latuêre animo, perlege scripta libro.
Hei mihi! sed tardâ calamus vos advolat alâ:
Hærent, nec pergunt sat properare pedes.
Indulgere moræ poteris, tecúmque revolvas,
Me *rem cunctando restituisse* tibi.

Ad

## *Ad eruditum Autorem, de libello.*

DE libro hoc paucis mea quæ ſit opinio pandã:
Eſt pius, eſt doctus: quid volo plura? Tuus.
Dúmque ſimul cautè pius & brevis eſſe laboras,
Tam pietate doces, quàm brevitate places.
Nulla Venus foliis petulans laſcivit in iſtis:
Non tamen hæc facies indè venuſta minús.
In toto minimum non cerno corpore nævum;
Ni nævus, nævum non habuiſſe, ſiet.
At ſileant laudes: * Οὐκ ἔστιν ἔπαινος ἀρίστων. * Ariſt. Eth.
Scripta probant doctum te tua, ſcripta probũ.
Macte bonis avibus, tua carmina prela fatigent;
Hiſce fatigari ſi modò prela queant.

## *Ad lectorem.*

CAndide quid dubitas accedere lector? in iſto
Singula ſunt verè pura, pudica, libro.
Accipe, Magdalinos non infimus inter alumnos
Uraniæ myſtes quas tibi præbet, opes.
Hîc nihil, auriculas quod poſſit lædere caſtas:
Queſturus tamen hîc nemo deeſſe ſales.
Nulla hîc, ipſe Cato niſi quæ daret oſcula Cenſor,
Ipsáque Veſtalis ſumere Virgo velit.
Pagina lectori ſuffundet nulla ruborem:
Spirat at æternum pagina quæque Deum.
Iſta legas, relegas, quiſquis pia carmina quæris:
Mellifluos verſus qui cupis, iſta legas.

STEPH. JONES, *Coll. D. Joann.*

SÆpe tuos calamo depinxi, Lesbia, vultus,
Suſpendíque comis carmina ſæpe tuis.
Carmine ſæpe orbes geminos miratus ocellos,
Orbibus his cecini me voluiſſe capi.
Sæpe genas ornare fuit mihi grata libido,
Appellare rubras blanda roſeta genas,
Et molles digitos mihi candida vinc'la vocare,
Carcerem & amplexum, quo bene vinctus eram
Sed pennâ calamus jam candidiore volavit:
Dedidicit tales Muſa pudica modos.
Quæcunque hinc calamo deſtillat guttula noſtro,
O Deus, ô veſtro Numine plena tumet.
Carmina nulla tibi, dum vivis, Lesbia, mittam:
Incîdam tumulo triſte poëma tuo.

POE-

# POEMATA SACRA.

Dixit Deus & facta ſunt omnia,
GEN. 1.

*Condidit Ore ſuo Deus omnia, Voce creavit:*
*Nec mea divinum Muſa tacebit opus.*

## Syllogiſmus.

*Eſt* Major *mundus*, Minor *eſt homo, pulchra* Figura *eſt*
*Hiſque* Modus: Medium *pendula terra tenet*
*En!* Præmiſſarum *mulier* Concluſio *facta eſt:*
*Illa prius didicit* Deteriora ſequi.

## In Arborem ſcientiæ boni & mali.

*INſignis Paradiſus erat geminâ Arbore notus:*
*Arbor erat* vitæ, mortis *& Arbor erat.*

## De lapsu primi hominis.

*Lapsus homo unde cadit? non cœlis ille, minúsque*
*Terrâ:* qui jacet hîc, non habet unde cadat.
*Tollere non miserum valet hæc fallacia lapsum:*
*Nempe cadebat homo lapsus & usquè cadit.*

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## In Adamum se abscondentem inter arbores horti à facie Dei.

*Numinis incensi dum fervor torret Adamum,*
*Ramos umbriferos en subit, horte, tuos.*
*Abscondunt dominum viridi velamine frondes,*
*Dum reus ille putat se, sua furta tegi.*
*Seu levis aura movet, seu fructûs conscia rapti*
*Arbor, dat tremulis blanda flagella comis.*
*Constitit ille tremens, geminâque offunditur umbrâ:*
*Subtrahit ora dies, subtrahit ora Deus.*

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## In mulierem ex costa factam.

*Dic latus, unde uterus factũ es? quæ semina fur-*(tim
*Ossibus hîc duris incaluêre tuis?*
*Quis Deus hæc sterilis naturæ vincula laxat?*
*Quavé Dea obstetrix? hoc peperisse fuit?*
*Quale patebat iter? nota dic quæ sanguinis extat,*
*Signa puerperii quæ sit, Adame, tui?*
*Nulla est, sed mulier sic nata est; credite. Quare?*
*Hæreat ut lateri conjugis illa comes.*

In

In Adamum & uxorem, quòd *ambo erant nudi nec erubescebant*, GEN. 2. 25.

*JUssit adhuc pietas pallescere candida; jussit*
*Vita verecundis intemerata malis.*
*Spirat adhuc Paradisus, adhuc sua lilia spirat:*
*Pingunt areolas alba ligustra suas.*
*Peccat Adam, facinus violatus sentiit hortus,*
*Conscia & ipse suis inficit ora rosis.*
*It pudor in vultus, & purpura fusa rosarum*
*Cœpit sanguineis prodere facta genis.*
*Vena fuit quondam proprio contenta canali,*
*Nec similis refluis mota tumebat aquis.*
*Sanguinis (heu!) sedes quæ nunc violentia turbat?*
*Nunc humana novus sævit in ora cruor.*

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In gladium flammam vibrantem, custodientem hortum Eden.

*QUalis erat gladius?* Mors *in mucrone latebat:*
*Ardebat flammis sæva* gehenna *suis.*

---

Ad Adamum, in arborem Vitæ, & arborem Scientiæ boni & mali.

*DIc, quæ nunc animæ stillant de sanguine fructus,*
*Quem qui dente premet non moriturus erit?*
*Cur decerpebas non ex hac arbore fructum?*
*Hæc animam dedit, heu! perdidit illa tuam.*

## In Diluvium.

*Proh dolor! ecce patet* cœlum undique & undiq; pontus:
*Nam rerum facies fœda lavanda fuit.*
*Hoc te Diluvio vellem Phariſae fuiſſe,*
*Ut ſimul his undis ora manúſque lavet.*

## Cornix & Columba.

*Effuſa in pennam Corvix ingrata volabat:*
*Miſſa Columba volat, nuntia grata redit.*
*Diſpar par volucrum, mens illis diſcolor: indè*
*Alba Columba fuit, Corvus at atex erat.*

## Ad Noam de Columba.

*Neſcit muta loqui, frondem tamen ore reportat:*
*Verius haud potexat, ſi valet, illa loqui.*

## In Olivam detumeſcente Diluvio.

*Arbor merſa diu tandem caput exiulit undis:*
*Oſcula libabat latior aura comæ.*
O quanti amplexus & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
*Nam coma mox auram baſiat, aura comam,*

In

## In Arcum Pluvium.

*E Micat in cœlis* Arcus, *sed nulla* Sagitta:
*Tempore Diluvii missa* Sagitta *fuit.*

## Aliud in eundem.

*D Vm sole adverso lunatur flebile signum,*
*Guttarum in lacrymas agmina picta cadunt.*
*Heu! prodit quoties hæc roscida filia nubis,*
*Orbis Diluvii flet meminisse sui.*

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## In Serpentem { decipientem, igneum, æneum.

*P Rimus erat monstrũ serpens, tum dæmon homóq;,*
*Humanos doctus voce referre sonos.*
*Pòst, genus exortum vibrans flammantia tela*
*Humana ignitâ cuspide membra ferit.*
*Hos naturâ parit serpentes, nunc opus artis*
*Nascitur, & serpens æneus ille fuit.*
*Vulnera sic serpens tulit, & medicamina serpens:*
*Natura Ars opifex æmula vincit opus.*

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## In Serpentem æneum sanantem.

*Q Vicunq; aspiciet sanatus? Pharmaca vili*
*Venduntur: pretium luminis istud erit?*

*Anne*

*Anne repercuſſus radius vim deferat ullam?*
*Pyxide tam tenui num medicina latet?*
*Ille perit meritò, qui luminis oſtia claudit,*
*Quíque fores claudit, cùm ferit ipſa Salus.*

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## In aquas mutatas in ſanguinem.

*NOn cæde erubuit*, (*memorat* miracula Mem-
*Murice nec ripis it gravis unda ſuis.* (phis)
*Unde cruor fluxit? nunquid nova vulnera ſenſit*
*Neptunus? vena purpura tanta ſua?*
*Mirac'lum hoc Moſis mirac'lo concolor extat*
*Chriſti: is enim* vino, *hic* ſanguine *mutat aquas.*

---

## In faciem Moſis coruſcantem, obductam velo.

*SIc pudibunda latet virtus velamine gaudens:*
*Oſtendit velum forma venuſta ſuum.*
*Sícque Deum cœli condunt, ſua nubila ſolem*
*Obducunt, gemmam capſula clauſa ſuam.*

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## In faciem Moſis coruſcantem.

*UNde jubar cœleſte tuum dilabitur? unde*
*Irradiat vultus hæc nova flamma tuos?*
*Surripis æthereos furtivè ſedibus ignes,*
*Dum fingis ſtatuam gens maleſuada ſuam?*

*Dat*

*Dat Deus* erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus.
*En! homini in vultum ſydera ſponte cadunt.*

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## In Cainum fratricidam.

SPernitur oblatum, fratrem mactare parabat:
*Victima nec certò gratior ulla Deo.*

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## In pluviam ignis ſuper Sodomam.

UNde hîc ſubtilis flammæ deſcenſus ad imas?
*Facta eſt flamma levis (ne tibi) pœna gravis.*
*Quàm pulchrè aptavit vindictam providus ultor!*
*Æquum eſt ut flammis impia flamma cadat.*

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## In Hagar, cùm in deſerto deficiente ex utre aquâ flebat.

CUr flebas mater? fontem ſitibunda petebas:
*Eccè oculis fons eſt, nec tamen ipſa vides.*

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## In Jacobum, cùm tunicam Joſephi tinctam hircino ſanguine aſpexit.

ECce ſenem, juvenes, quem rubra ſophiſmata fal-
*Siccine? deluſum num decet eſſe patrem? (lunt!*

*Finge-*

*Fingitis hircino veſtes in ſanguine tingi,*
*Quo tingenda priùs pectora veſtra decet.*
*Actorum mala gens, queis prima tragœdia debet!*
*Fabula erat factum, ſcena ſimúlque fuit:*
*Fabula, dum pergunt hæc ementita referre,*
*Pectore quæ faciunt vulnera vera patris:*
*Scenáq; dum Jacob lacrymarum immergitur undâ,*
*Flens verè nati funera nulla ſui.*

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## In legem promulgatam in monte Sinai.

*Et tremebat totus ille mons valde,*
EXOD. 19. 18.

*Mons tremit, & populus, tremit ingens machina (cœli:*
*Heu! legem violat gens mala, nulla tremit.*

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## In Deum loquentem in monte Sinai.

*Rex regum de monte tonat per nubila & ignes:*
*Certè non hominem vox ſonat illa, Deum,*
*Sic adblanditur * Regi levis aura Quiritûm:*
*Vera erat hæc hominis vox, erat illa Dei.*

* Herodi peroranti, Act. 12.

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## In Iſraelitas trajicientes mare diviſum.

*Fluctus diſſiliunt, ſpumans ſtat murus utrinque:*
*Non tangent turmas ulla pericla pias.*

*Nam*

*Nam mare fit portus, facti sunt littora fluctus:*
*Undáque quàm tutò prætereunda fuit!*

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In Israelitas murmurantes & petram fundentem aquas, percussam virgâ Mosis.

*NOn stillant lacrymæ de durâ gentis ocellis:*
*E durâ silicis pectore lympha fluit.*
*Res mutantur, erátq; silex tum durus ocellus,*
*Et lacrymosa silex mollis ocellus erat.*

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In Petram.

*VIrga potens postquam petram percusserat ictu,*
*Percussa in vitreas petra liquescit aquas.*
*Dimidiata loquor miracula; pectore Christi,*
*Qui* * lapis & petra *est, sanguis & unda fluunt.*

*Angularis, 1. Pet. 2. 6.

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In Deum igneo dumo apparentem.

*CUm vestire Deus flammis sua Numina gestit,*
*Cur nos algemus, Numina dum colimus?*

In

## In flammeum dumum.

*Aere non, terrâ, nec aquâ, Deus igne micabat:*
*Flammeus hoc dumus, flammea lingua docet.*
*Aëre verborum, non terrâ corporis, undâ*
*Non oculi, mallet pectoris igne coli.*

## Dumus ad ignem.

*Si, Deus (ôl) fuerim periturus viribus ignis,*
*Munus erit nobis igne perire tuo.*

## In Mosem eminus intuentem terram Canaan, Deut. 3.

*Vidit, non lambit fugitivam Tantalus undam:*
*Sic Cananæa sacer mella Propheta videt.*
*Constitit, at longè glomeratas viribus uvas*
*Vidit, & arboribus pendula poma suis.*
*Inscripta est oculi parvo sacra terra libello:*
*Hæc, Moses, tecum dicere verba potes,*
Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis in *oram:*
Hei mihi quòd domino non licet ire tuo!

## In solem stantem, Josh. 10.

*Frustra tentet equos Phœbus cohibere volantes,*
*Corripiens validâ frana coruſca manu.*

*Stant*

*Stant prece ſpumigeri: novus hæc auriga quadrigæ:*
*Hoc ego ſolſtitium, Phœbe, vocabo tuum.*

---

## In Lothum fugientem, & uxorem mutatam in ſalis ſtatuam.

*ECce! Duo fugiunt, curſu tamen impare gaudent:*
*Effugit hæc ſulphur, digna perire ſale.*
*Reſpiciens manſura ſtetit, vir cautus abibat:*
*Plus habet hæc ſtatuæ, plus habet ille ſalis.*

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## In Davidem intuentem & Bathſhebam lavantem.

*DUm Regis geminâ vaga ludit imago feneſtrâ,*
*Quàm fuit hæc dominæ nuntia blanda ſuæ!*
*Venæ febricitant, errant in pectore flammæ,*
*Dum pectus gelidis illa lavabat aquis.*
*Ah properè nimis, ah properè nimis illa lavatur:*
*Nam nondum ſordes traxerat illa ſuas.*

---

## In Abſolonem de quercu crinibus pendentem.

*EN! ſylvam ſylva arripiunt, & brachia rami,*
*Atque comæ humanas arripuêre comas.*
*Vertice pendebant crines, de crinibus ille:*
*Par ſic offenſæ pœna relata ſuæ.*

In

## In Principes compingentes Danielem in antra leonum.

*Parte homo quàm meliore feras supereminet*
*Nam superant ipsas hi feritate feras. (omnes!*
*Hic pœnas superat vates & Persica jura:*
* Non violanda *subit* non violandus homo.

* Jura Medorum & Persarum.

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## Ad Danielem.
*Obsignabat Rex ora antri.*

*Obserat ora antri Rex, & Deus ora leonum:*
*Janitor hic major, janitor ille minor.*
*Non penetrare intus rabies humana valebit,*
*Nec penetrare foras illa ferina valet.*

---

## In Eliam igneo curru sublatum.

*AD terram misit nunquid suo plaustra Boötes?*
*Non, sed erat magni flammea sella Dei.*
*Roma superba tuam noli jactare Curulem:*
*Hic Vates vestro Consule major erat.*

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## In imaginem quam Michal posuit strato, loco Davidis.

MOrtis imago sopor? *nullus sopor hîc, sed ima-*
*Hæc vita, tristis mortis imago sopor.* go:
Creatio

## Creatio lucis, diei, noctis & crepuſculi.

*NOn abs occaſu ſed lux incepit ab ortu:*
*Nempe ab inocciduo lux fuit orta Deo.*
*Quàm ſplendet, lucis Genitor, tua lucida proles!*
*O lux æterna lucis imago tuæ!*
*Funditur ut primùm, refluis nox avolat umbris,*
*Regnáque mox tenebris quærit opaca ſuis.*
*Inſtat lux, victóque micans exultat in orbe*
*Sparſa, ſuo nec adhuc orbiculata throno.*
*Mox duo regna creat ſimul & diſterminat autor:*
*Spiſſas nox tenebras, lux regit alma diem.*
*Regna duo hæc dirimunt dubia confinia lucis,*
*Quæ bene nec noctem credo nec eſſe diem.*
*His Cœli ac Erebi duo ſunt contermina regna;*
*Lux ſine nocte Erebi, Nox ſine luce Dei.*
*Regna duo hæc dirimit (ſi Romæ creditis) illud*
*Quod bene nec Cœlum credo nec eſſe Erebum.*

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## In manum Jeroboami arefactam dum in Prophetam extenditur.

*MEns agit in facinus, perit omine dextra ſiniſtro:*
*Cur contra ſuperos pugnat inepta manus?*

---

## In ferrum natans, 2. REG. 6.

*QUis ſurſum arcanus ferrum grave ſpiritus egit?*
*Oblitum innati ponderis alta petit.*

*Credite,*

*Credite, vox habuit plus ponderis edita vatis,*
*Ponderis & ſenſit lamina merſa minus.*

---

In ſagittas quas emiſit Jonathan.

*TEla volant, bene docta volant trepidantibus aliis:*
Non furor hæc, ardens arma miniſtrat amor.
*Talia lunato jaculatur tela Cupido*
*Arcu, ſic Jonathan nempe Cupido fuit.*

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In Davidem pulſantem cytharam,
1. SAM. 16.

*THreïcius vates dum pectine pulſat eburno,*
*Demulcet ſylvas, flumina, ſaxa, feras.*
*Dum pulſat vates ſua fila ſonantia, Regis*
*Irati placidâ mollìit ora lyrâ.*
*Major erat vates noſter leo, Caucaſus, amnis:*
*Irato eſt quævis bellua Rege minor.*

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Ad Saram ridentem.

*RIdes? ſed pueri fletum elabentis ut audis,*
*Mox puto te riſus pœnituiſſe tui.*

---

In Jacobum luctantem cum Deo, GEN. 32.

*EUge pugil! te manſit honor dum mancus abibas:*
*Sic bello è ſacro nempe redire decet.*

In

## In Abrahamum offerentem filium in holocaustum.

*ECce senex facto pius & sceleratus eodem!*
*Est fecisse scelus, quod voluisse pium.*

## Domina Josephi vestimenti laciniam lacerat.

*DIc, quo consilio vestem lacerare volebat?*
*Palliet ut lacerâ crimina parte sua.*
*Vestis quàm dominus citiùs temeranda pudicus:*
*Dissuit en vestem, ut consuat illa dolum.*

## Sara dixit marito, *Ingredere ad ancillam.*

*DIxit*, Ad ancillam ingredere, *uxor chara ma-* (rito:
*Zelotypa at contrà clamitat*, Egredere.

## In Jacobum qui duram servit servitutem septem annorum, ut duceret Rachelem.

*QVàm tedas Hymenæe tuas hæc tædia vexant!*
*Quàm languet miseris Pronuba Juno moris!*
*Quid nostræ ætatis faciet generosa juventus,*
*Si subeunt sponsæ tædia tanta suæ?*

Sententia Solomonis de infantulo.

*Cujus erat puer hic, Rex* definire *nequibat:*
*Ut litem dirimat,* dividere *ille jubet.*

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In Noam inebriatum & nudatum.

*En! resupinatur genialis consitor uvæ:*
*Sospes* aquâ, vino *mergitur ille suo.*

---

Lis meretricum de infantulo.

*Quæritur, huic qua mater erat; nova quæstio fervet:*
*Anxia sed magis est quæstio, quis pater est.*

---

Uxor quæ adulterii arguebatur, aquam amaram combibebat.

*Uxor,* adulterium *cùm dicitur esse* voluptas
Dulcis, amara *fuit* pœna *bibenda tibi.*

---

In Balaam verberantem & asinum loquentem.

*Terga premit vatis lentè gradientis asellæ;*
*Hæres, nec vetitâ pergis aselle viâ.*

*Savis*

*Sævit inhumanus, vocem fingebat aſellus*
*Humanam: hic hominis plus habet, ille minus.*

---

## In Philiſtæum, cujus frontem David percuſſit lapide.

FRonti nulla fides. *Quem non lethalis arundo*
*Figere, mox figit * limpidus ille lapis.*
Non ſignare diem poteras meliore lapillo:
*Parve, cano ferula magna trophæa tua.*

* S. Hieronym.

---

## Ad Moſen infantulum in fiſcella ſcirpea fluctuantem.

M*Urmura nutricis crepitantibus unda lapillis,*
*Atque imitata ſuis (ecce!) ſuſurrat aquis.*
*Nullus erat præter pueri ſuſpiria ventus:*
*Et ſolùm lacrymis naufragus ille fuit.*
*Sic latuit Nilo Moſes, nec monſtra timebat:*
*Hoc majus monſtrum quàm crocodilus erat.*

---

## Ad Belſhazzar, de manu ſcribenti.

D*Extra an læva rogas? ſi mens non læva fuiſſet,*
*Ex ſcripto lævam jam liquet eſſe manum.*

Aliud.

NOn pulchrum eſt digito monſtrari, & dicier,
*Indigitant digiti triſtia fata tibi.* (Hic eſt:

---

Ad Oziam, cùm adoleret incenſum domino, ſtatímque orta eſſet lepra in fronte ejus coram ſacerdotibus.

R*Ex procul abſtineas, tu ſacras polluis aras:*
*Thure tuo ſcelus eſt hoc voluiſſe pium.*
*Quâ fronte aggrederis? dic. Dicam,* Fronte leproſâ.
*Officio nimis hoc officioſus eras.*

---

In ruinam turris Babel.

NOn Deus immeritò ferit hæc ſublimia: geſtit
*Vertice cur cœlum terra ferire ſuum?*

Aliud.

A* Linguis *turris quæ primum ceperat ortum*
*Infauſtum,* linguis *hen cadit illa ſuis.*

* Ædificemus.

---

In ſolem retro euntem tempore Ezechiæ, Isa. 38.

R*Etro redit Phœbus verſis agitatus habenis,*
*Umbrâ quem ferunt gnomo referre ſuâ.*

*O mihi* præteritos referat ſic Juppiter annos!
*Sic eſſet vitæ longior umbra meæ.*

---

## In crinem Samſonis raſum, Jud. 16.

AUra *dolet, quòd per nemus hoc non illa ſuſurrat,*
*Mœſto vicinis murmure nota comis.*
Colla *dolent, quæ jam nulla lætantur in umbra,*
*Et quæ ſub nullo tegmine tuta jacent.*
Aura *agit hoc facinus, vox inſidioſa puellæ;*
*Et* colla, *heu! Dalilæ candida colla ſuæ.*

---

## In Naaman in templo Rimmonis adorantem.

FIctitium *in templo veneratur poplite numen,*
*Pectore dum coluit Numina vera ſuo.*
*Ah plures verum venerantur poplite Numen,*
*Pectore fictitium dum coluêre deum.*

---

## In Nabothum injuriè cæſum lapidibus.

NOn *ſatis eſt vitis ſanguis, niſi vinitor ipſe*
*Sanguine fata uvæ non redimenda ſubit?*

## In Jonam in alvo ceti.

*Piscis, ut esca solet, vates descendit in alvum,*
*Quâ via dejectis lubrica nota cibis.*
*Cur vetus, ut quæram non est, consultat aruspex*
*Exta: loca hæc vates interiora colit.*

## Aries in vepribus,
### Gen. 22.

*Laniger â jam matre satum non teduit ara,*
** Agnus & ipse Dei cùm moriturus erat.*

* Christus.

## In Mannam cadentem.

*Ambrosiam Deus (ecce!) suam devolvit ab alto:*
*Grandinis ut, manna dum cadit alta seges,*
*Imber (mirâc'lum) qui fœcundare solebat*
*Tellurem in messem,* candida messis *erat.*

## In oleum viduæ, quod Helisæus adeò in vase scatere fecit.

*Vas olei, viduæ res dum fuit arcta misella,*
*Arcana in pateram stillat oliva suam.*
*Sic dum parva suo donat munuscula vati*
*Prodiga, non* oleum perdidit *aut operam.*

Christus

## Christus & Elias.

*AD loca vectus erat* nebulâ *cœlestia Christus:*
*Expectant omnes* ignibus *hunc reducem.*
Ignibus *ad loca vectus erat cœlestia vates,*
*Jampridem* * nebulâ *quem rediisse reor.*

* Judæi adhuc expectant Eliæ adventum.

---

## In Thamar, quam postquam Amnon vitiaverat, odio habuit.

*ERubuit virgo veneris mox conscia pravæ:*
*Has subitò natas irrigat imbre rosas.*
*Odit amator eam: magnum hoc* odisse *fatebor*
*Crimen, sed gravius crimen* amâsse *puto.*

---

## In pueros vino & dapibus depastos, Danielem, Mishaelem, & Azariam legumine & aquâ, impetrante Daniele.

*REgia progenies dapibus nutritur opimis,*
*Et sua jucundâ guttura vite lavat.*
*Vescitur hæc tenui formosa legumine pubes,*
*Vulgarísque levem frigerat unda sitim.*
*Gratia quanta tamen forma luméng, juventæ*
*Vultibus atque oculis emicuêre suis!*
*Aut Vates hic mutat aquas in dulcia vina,*
*Aut vinum in gelidas, quod puto, mutat aquas.*

In calvum senem, cui illudebant pueri dicentes, *Ascende calve*,
2. Reg. 2.

O *Multùm venerande senex hoc nomine* Calve!
*O vertex nullis quàm venerande comis!*

---

In Gedeonis roscidum vellus,
Jud. 6.

H*Oc dicam vellus* tacitarum vellus aquarum:
*Tale haud Cæsareo credo madere sinu.*

---

Ægyptii ad tenebras spissas.

P*Hosphore redde diem: tam crassâ nocte latemus,*
*Ingeminare placet*, Phosphore redde diem.

---

Ad Esau qui primogenita acceptâ
* coctione vendidit.

* D. Hier. transl.

E*N! emit tua jure, tui bona coctio fratris:*
*Hinc* decoctoris *nomina digna trahis.*

---

Ad Ægyptios de tenebris.

Q*Vot noctes, miseri, in vestras coiere tenebras!*
*Quanta oculis, animis, nox Erebúsq; natat!*

*Nox*

*Nox oculis, nox quam lumen radiare negabat:*
*Nox animis, Numen quam radiare negat.*

---

David in ſpelunca præſcindit Saulo fimbriam chlamydis.

O *Miſerata manus, quæ non mox enſe recîdit*
Vitæ, *ſed* chlamydis *ſtamina ſola ſuæ!*

---

In inſidias Danielis pulvereas.

PUlvere *quàm bene veſtigantur* pulvis & umbra!
*Fixa manent alto pulvere ſigna pedum.*
*Diſcrimen capitis merito mala turba ſubibat,*
*Prodere quam taciti ſic didicêre pedes.*

---

Creatio ex nihilo.

E *Xnihilo? tua* ſcire aliquid *ſit laurea lector:*
*Nam mea longè alia eſt laurea,* ſcire nihil.

---

In Jacobum pernoctantem.

C *Orpore defeſſo non preſſit eburnea ſtrata,*
*Non ille aurato tegmine veſtit humum.*
*Stragula nulla tegit quam byſſina fabula pingit,*
*Quam decorat variâ diſcolor Iris acu.*

*Tegmen*

*Tegmen ſtellatum tegit hunc, & cærulus æther;*
*Et lapidem capiti ſuppoſuiſſe ferunt.*
*Compoſiti juvenis mentem petit angelus hoſpes,*
*Et noctis tepidum roſcida gemma ſinum.*

---

## In Samſonem offendentem favum in viſceribus cæſi leonis.

*INtonſi pugilis cædebat dextra leonem:*
*Condunt in reditum ſedula turba favum.*
*Multum aggreſſuro quæ fellis habere videntur,*
*Si victor ſubigat, præmia mellis habent.*

---

## Ad Naaman ſe lavantem in flumine Jordani.

*Nunquid non ſunt meliores fluvii Damaſci?*

*JOrdanis, tuus it num rivo purior omni?*
*Sanior ibit aquis unda, Damaſce, tuis?*
*Inter vulgares labuntur pharmaca ripas?*
*Heus, tua non ratio eſt, aſt adhibenda fides.*
*Crede, lava: fidei plus prodit nempe aqua, lepram*
*Tam confidenter dum lavat illa tuam.*

---

## In Michaam qui argentum dedit Levitæ.

*ILle ſacerdoti ſolvit, jam ſolve ſacerdos:*
*Officium retines, munera curta tenes.*

Hoc

*Hoc ſacrum officium jam penè in munus abibit,*
*Et ſacrum munus (credite) munus erit.*

---

In hederam ſuper caput Jonæ fuſam
& raptim exareſcentem.

*VEr fuit una dies, æſtas, autumnus, hyémſque:*
*Sic fluxit fallax gloria, raptus honos.*
*Conquereris quòd tam brevis eſt hæc gratia frondis?*
Expectes ævum ſic properare tuum.

---

Ad Davidem ſcribentem ad Joab de Uria,
2. SAM. 11.

*TRiſte omen! digitis cecidit neq; penna remiſſis,*
*Stat neq; membranâ gutta cruenta tuâ.*
*Scribe, agè; ſed nullam hic interſeris ipſe ſalutem:*
*Non* ſalvere *jubes*, perdere *ſæve jubes.*

---

Ad Uriam Davidis epiſtolam deferentem ad Joab.

*SCriptũ quod geris hîc* mors ultima linea *claudit:*
*Inq; manu fuerat jam periiſſe tibi.*
*Te cecidiſſe ferunt hoſtilis cuſpide teli:*
*Cuſpide ſed calami te cecidiſſe puto.*

Ad

Ad Dathanem, Korachum & Abiramum.

*Hoc nôſtis miſeri*, Facilis deſcenſus Averni:
*Hoc ignorâſtis*, Sed revocare gradum.

Aliud.

*Corpora ſola jacent non exanimata ſepulchris:*
*Condita ſunt tumulis corpora viva ſuis.*

Lex umbra.

*Corporis umbra comes: lex qualis dicitur umbra?*
*Nam fugiens, Chriſti noluit eſſe comes.*

In fornacem ardentem, in quam Shadrach, Meſach & Abednego conjecti fuerunt.

*Flant indigenas terra, aër, unda; ſed ignis*
*Nullos: en flammas qui coluêre ſuas!*
*En! alacer variis laſcivit motibus ignis,*
*Dans circum collis oſcula blanda ſacris.*
*Ecce! per ora errat multa ambitioſa favilla:*
*Ora & dum lambit ſingula, ſydus erat.*

FINIS.

# POEMS
## UPON SOME OF the holy raptures of DAVID.

Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of *Cambridge*.
MDCXXXVI.

# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR THO. METHAM MY HONOURED FRIEND, and his vertuous Lady, the Lady METHAM.

Sir,
Madam,

*PArdon; it is a dutie that enflames (names).*
*And makes me gild my paper with your*
*Nor (honour'd Pair) can't a dishonour seem*
*To grace into the world a holy theam.*
*I will not build a paper wall betwixt*
*You and your Lady: your two souls are mixt*
*In essence; vain then to divide this pair,*
*When spirits most indivisible are.*
*Yet I will act the Chymist; they have art*
*Which can unmingle essences, and part.*
*I'le take you two asunder with a pen,*
*Yet so as that I'le mingle you agen.*
*Sir, you have been a Courtier long: the Court*
*Did almost snow upon your head, not hurt*
*Your candid soul; and, which I most admire,*
*You have the art, the vertue to retire;*

*And not, as ſome, who like a meteor blaze*
*Of exhal'd complements: no, no, your dayes*
*You happily divide in equall ſort,*
*Sharing to th' Countrey half, half to the Court.*
*Let on your thoughts my meditations wait,*
*Which now triumph they'r born to ſuch a fate.*
*Nor, Madam, are you by my pen forgot:*
*Yet to your beauties ink were but a blot.*
*What? ſhall I paſſe like lightning by? we ſay*
*Objects of worth do court a longer ſtay.*
*Let me ſurvey, admire, commend: You are*
*The true* Pandora, *you the wiſe, the faire,*
*The eloquent* Pandora. *Would you know*
*That Lady? ask the gods, they did beſtow*
*Themſelves on her:* Venus *did, as they feigne,*
*Dwell in her features,* Pallas *in her brain,*
*And nimble* Mercury *lodg'd in her tongue:*
Apollo *in her voice breath'd when ſhe ſung.*
*Then may my Muſe, to adde unto your ſtate,*
*Like a poore virgin in your chamber wait.*
*I've drawn ſome lines betwixt you, but now deigne*
*That I may tie and twiſt you up again.*
*The traverſe of my verſe remov'd (bleſt Paire)*
*Meet and unite like to divided aire.*

Your humble ſervant

JOHN SALTMARSH.

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POEMS

# POEMS
## UPON SOME OF THE HOLY RAPTURES of *DAVID.*

### Meditation I.

*By the rivers of Babylon there we ſat down, yea we wept,* PSAL. 137.

SAd poſture! *ſat* and *wept*: yet from your eyes
Runne teares: oh how your *fountains* gently vies
With *rivers*, teares with waves, as if theſe drops
Meant to outrunne thine, Babylon! No ſtops
In this ſad Muſick? how theſe mourners ſeem,
As though they wept diviſion with thy ſtream!
Why weep ye o're theſe banks? ſhould we ſuppoſe
Theſe rivers ow their current to your woes?
Or of your joyes were ye ſo long forſook,
Ye came to drown your ſorrows in this brook?

Oh how theſe loving rivers would be one
And mingle waves with thine, O Babylon!
What wofull ſpeed they make! none can define
Which are their waters, Babylon, which thine.
Yet Babylons proud current glides away,
While your ſad teares do court her waves to ſtay:
Ye beg ſome pitie, and ſhe murm'ring flies;
And talking to her banks, neglects your eyes.
The *rich* are *rivers*, and your teares preſent
The paſſion of the *poore* and their complaint:
They weep like theſe ſet here; the rich go by
Like rivers ſwift, and pitie not their cry.

## Meditat. II.

*We hanged our harps upon the willows,*
PSAL. 137.

WHen ſorrows do ſalute, joyes take farewel:
Theſe pair of gueſts never together dwell:
They inne at ſeverall ſignes; Sorrow ſhe lies
At the ſad *Count'nace*, Joy at *Flaming eyes*,
And ſanguine face blithe looks: their empires are
Divided: Sorrows kingdome is not farre
From Babylons ſad rivers, and there grows
A grove of ſhadie willows; under flows
A pitchie current; on the gloomie trees
Do hang theſe harps of pleaſure. Oh who ſees

This

This embleme, views a melancholy ſcene:
Thus ſits *Contrition* on a ſhady green
Nigh to theſe ſtreams and willows, while her lute
(As though it were ſad penance to be mute)
Hangs by her for a time hid amongſt leaves,
Whil'ſt ſhe forgetfull of her muſick grieves.
Thus ſinfull ſouls lay by a while their joyes,
And ſorrow ſeems to hide theſe pleaſing toyes:
When they have ſigh't ſome minutes, then again
They take their harps to tune their wonted ſtrain.

## Meditat. III.

*I have eaten aſhes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping*, PSAL. 102.

HEre is a feaſt whoſe ſpruceſt cates are aſh,
Whoſe purple Nectar's teares: come all and waſh
And cool your ſcalding thirſts: ye that do burn
With ſinfull fevers, never taught to mourn,
Here's cold repentant liquour, drink apace;
'Twill make you freeze to ſinne and flame to grace.
Man to theſe *Aſhes* for a gueſt I'le woo:
Vain man's a gueſt that's *Duſt and Aſhes* too.
Shall I call Princes? no; their palates are
Fatten'd with richer dainties: oh this fare
Of Aſhes is too homely, and their veſts
Are purple: oh theſe are too gallant gueſts.

Who comes, muſt be like to poore ſinners dreſt.
Sad *ſackcloth* unto *aſhes* ſuits the beſt.
Shall I call Ladies to this diſh of Duſt,
Theſe mortifying dainties? no; they muſt
Be ſoft'ned with more coſt; they will not eat
Such morſells of mortalitie; their meat
Are chymicall Elixers to refine
Their fleſh to immortalitie; they dine
Not with ſuch meals of ſorrow; David may
For them table the worms: fit gueſts, they ſay.
Hearing of *teares* in *drink*, each beautie cries
They carrie not their cellars in their eyes.
Let David drink alone, they will not ſip,
Nor with his liquour ſtain a roſie lip:
They ſay they never wept, unleſſe a teare
Dropt from them in a laughter: never feare
Of ſinne coſt them ſo rich a pearl: they ne're
Repent, unleſſe they do beſtow ſome deare
Toy on a changeling lover. Beauties up,
And broach your tender eyes into your cup.
Thus David did his ſinnes with teares condole,
Drank healths, not to his bodie, but his ſoul.
That I may know I'm mortall, I'le afford
My ſelf ſome *aſhes* ever at my board:
And that I may quench my ſad thirſting ſoul,
I'le ever ſhed ſome *teares* into my bowl.

## Meditat. IV.

*My dayes are like a ſhadow that declineth*, PSAL. 102.

MY *dayes*? and why *my dayes*? good David hold;
Thou art too prodigall, thou might'ſt have told
Me of my houres and minutes: 'las thy chime
Is ſlow, and cannot lackey with ſwift time.
And why *my dayes*? 'Tis true, my dewie *Morn*
Is *Infancie*, the time when I was born:
My *Noon* is *Youth*; perhaps I then am bright
And wanton as the briſk meridian light:
The *Even* is my *Age*; then I decline:
And when the ſunne haſtens beneath the line
Of my Horizon, then I ſet, and ſay,
*Ah thus poore mortall cloſe I up my day.*
*My day*? and why *my day*? Call it *my night*;
For here we dwell in darkneſſe, not in light.
The ſunne's a ſtarre, and ſheds a feeble ray:
If, Lord, we do compare it to thy day,
We ſit in ſhade: mortalitie ſerves thus
But as a vail drawn betwixt thee and us.
*My dayes*? why not *my day*? oh it is rare
If we can live ſo long to make a paire.
*My dayes are like a ſhadow*, ill expreſt:
Ev'n I am but *a ſhadow* at the beſt.
Hold me a thouſand cryſtalls, you ſhall ſee
So many thouſand ſhadows ſhed from me:

Which

Which makes me think my ſubſtance to be ſmall,
That I am *ſhadows* moſt, ev'n *ſhadows* all.
My dayes are like *a ſhadow*; they and I,
Both, like a pair of ſhadows, live and die.

## Meditat. V.

*Wilt thou ſhew wonders on the dead?*
PSAL. 88.

MAn dies, his ſoul and bodie part, that ſpark
Of fire divine flies up, while in a dark
Cloſe urn the athie part is left behinde
Both cold and pale. Peep in anon, you'l finde
The tenement that lodg'd it to decay,
Ambitious, mingling duſt with finer clay.
Oh when this bodie's fall'n, each arterie
Unlac't, each nerve and ſinew careleſly
Shiver'd, and every vein rent, let me know,
If thou canſt build again good God; for lo
The fabrick's ruin'd, and the timber's loſt;
Each ivorie pillar of unvalued coſt,
That ſo upheld this edifice of man,
With all the contignation's fall'n: who can
Spie where th'are ſcatter'd? yet my God, who firſt
Built them, can gather them, though thus diſperſt.
There's not an atome of thee but ſhall be
Officious to unite: my God is he

That

That marries and divorces, he that can
In pieces take this curious frame of man,
And recompoſe't: then ſoul and body both,
Part; ye ſhall meet again: why are ye loth?

## Meditat. VI.

*The Emblemes of the reſurrection.*

IN beds of earth our lateſt reſt we take,
Like fading roſes, that intend to wake
After a winters nap; our bodies lie
Wither'd to all but to a Chriſtian eye.

We are Gods tapers, this dark world's his night:
Death his extinguiſher puts out our light:
Our bodies fall like ſnuffe; yet will he deigne
At his great fire to light us up again.

We ſee the Eaſtern bird, whoſe aſhy neſt
Is a rare embleme of our lateſt reſt:
We ſee the flying ſerpent ſhift his ſlough
To frolick in a freſher: 'tis enough.

We ſee the ſunnes bright empire leaves us all
Shut up in ſhade, in darkneſſe: then we fall

To ſlumber, yet but till the riſing day;
Then chides he ſlumber with an early ray.

All our *farewells* we celebrate with friends,
Though ſad, yet ever in this cadence ends,
*Farewell until we meet again*: So may
The ſoul departing to the body ſay.

## Meditat. VII.

### THE RESURRECTION.

*Shall the dead riſe and praiſe thee?*
PSAL. 88.

WHat pow'rfull trumpet's that which at the (laſt
Shall breathe ſo many ſouls forth at a blaſt,
Send ſuch a pack of ſpirits home that have
Been abſent, left their lodgings in their grave?

Say that the winde be wanton with thy duſt,
And playes with it; return, return it muſt,
And mingle with rich liquour that doth wait,
And ſo to fleſh again coagulate.

Into what quarter of the heav'n thy breath
Be blown and ſcatter'd by unruly death,
It ſhall return, return though it depart,
And gently fanne again thy flaming heart.

With

With whatſoe're pale brook thy bluſhing ſloud
Did mix complexions, yet thy bloud's thy bloud,
And ſhall return ſwift from thoſe watrie tanks,
Turn crimſon current in thy azure banks.
Thy nat'rall warmth returns which made thee (brisk
And bloſſome, now though't in a meteor friſk,
Or dance a round with th'elementall fire,
Following the nimble ſoul, but reacht no higher.

Thus thou ſhalt riſe as quick'ned with a charm,
Or with that ſprightfull Architect in ſperm,
Which firſt did mould thee into man; and then
This duſt (O Lord) ſhall praiſe the new-turn'd men.

## Meditat. VIII.

*Create in me a clean heart,*
PSAL. 51.

O God I thought (but now no limitation)
Six dayes had been the age of thy creation:
But ſtill thou doſt create: good David ſay,
Where's that old heart of thine? for there I may
Survey the picture of an aged ſinne:
The ſhadow of an apple blots that skinne.
How is thy heart ſo black? fond I, I thought
That ſinne had been welfavour'd, but all's nought.

It ſeems the beauty then pleaſure dawb'd on,
Was but ſome ceruſt falſe complexion.
But why *create a whole one?* is no part
Good, out of which thy God can make a heart,
But muſt create of nothing? Lord redeem,
Create no more in me, but with thy ſtream
That runnes ſo freely from thee, bloudy ſcene,
Waſh this foul heart of mine and make it clean.

## Meditat. IX.

*He healeth the broken hearted, and bindeth up their wounds,* PSAL. 146.

MY heart, O Lord, is broke (nor is't a fiction)
In pieces (Lord) and parcels in my breaſt,
Slit with thy pow'rfull thunder of affliction:
O heal it, Lord; till then I take no reſt.

Ah, like poore tradeſmen with full ſhops of wares,
Who cannot pay for all that they have took:
So is my heart a ſhop of many cares;
And I not able to diſcharge, I broke.

Binde up my wounds, O Lord: oh thou couldſt finde
The linen thou ſhookſt from thee in thy grave;
And with thoſe clothes, Lord, thou mayſt gently binde
And ſpread me plaiſters too: both which I crave.

Yet

Yet while thou bind'ſt my wounds up, oh I ſee
Thine freſh & bleeding, yawning more then mine.
Lord let thy wounds lie open ſtill to me:
To heal my wounds, I'le lay them cloſe to thine.

---

## Meditat. X.

*The Lord is nigh to all thoſe that call upon him,*
PSAL. 145.

NIgh Lord, & yet divorc't with ſuch bright walls
Of ſtarres and planets and tranſparent balls?
'Las when I view the aerie diſtance, I,
As though my pray'rs were too ſhort winded, ſigh:
My pray'rs ſcarce feather'd with devotion flie,
And like faint arrows in my boſome die.
Shew me a nearer path my pray'rs may tread:
This journey I deſpair on: they half dead
Languiſh; O let ſome plumes (in thy great love)
To make my pray'r ſome wings fall from thy Dove.
O ſhoot me down a ſheet of lightning; ſo
I'le wrap my pray'r in that and let it go:
Or reach me down a ray, and I will tie
My thoughts in that bright ſtring and let them flie:
No need of this, Lord; thou art nigh, doſt dwell
About, within, in body, ſoul: O well
For me faint ſinner doſt thou thus with me,
Dull, groſſe, ev'n mix thy purer entitie?

*I live and move in thee*; and Lord so neare
Thou borderst on my essence, thou art here.
*In thee I have my being:* when I crie,
Do not remove O Lord, but be still *nigh*.

## Meditat. XI.

*The Lord looseth the prisoners,*

PSAL. 156.

MY soul's the pris'ner, Lord, and it doth lie
Shackl'd with fetters of mortalitie:
The prison is my self; in walls I rest
Dawbed with flesh; bones stead of barres: at best
I'm such a wretch: yet I have leave to see
Through this dark cell, nature hath glaz'd for me,
A pair of windows, thorough which I look,
And often cast my eyes upon that book
By which I must be sav'd. Lord, without doubt
I could soon break the prison doore, and out:
But I'm afraid that my escape may draw
Upon my soul a sad eternall law.
Thou keep'st the keys my God; and thou, I hope,
Wilt either with the key of sicknesse ope,
Or of some other fate: yet let thy keys
Gingle and make a noise to warn me, these
Prepare: shake palsies, then the pris'n, as when
The earthquakes which unfetter'd Peter; then
I shall lesse fear. Thus all shut in a room
Imprison'd live, waiting the dreadfull doom.

## *A Meditation upon the* Song of Songs, or, *A requeſt to* Solomon.

SAy bleſſed Poet, with what ſacred fire
Blazes thy ſoul? this flight of thine is higher
Then ever fancie yet upon vain wings
Could fanne to. Say, what Chore of muſes ſings
Notes to thy ſoul? ſure of more bleſſed ſort
Then e're yet humane fancie flew to court.
Say, where is thy *Parnaſſus?* we ſuppoſe
*Sion* is thine: now tell me too, where flows
Thy *Aganippe*, whoſe diviner ſtreams
Have made thee drunk with holineſſe, till theams
Drop down yet moſt ſublime? or in what carres
Rid thy triumphing fancie gilt with ſtarres?
Thou ne're writſt theſe unleſſe thy head were even
During theſe raptures all the time in heaven.
Or did ſome Angels croud into thy brain,
And ſublimate thy fancie to a ſtrain?
O no: if theſe bright Hierarchies had been
Poets, and every flaming Cherubin
Had took a pen to write this amorous ſong,
Oh they had done the Deitie a wrong.
When to theſe flames my fainter flames I truſt,
I ſee thee raviſht with a holy luſt:
There is a *Cupid* more divine I finde (blinde:
Then that ſame wanton wandring boy that's

I ſee there's arrows too, but yet I ſpie
That they are pointed with more ſanctitie:
There is a *Venus* too, but not like this;
One whom the Trinitie will court and kiſſe:
There's *Hymens* tapers too, though not the ſame;
Theſe lighten with a farre more holy flame.
Bleſt Poet to the Deitie, I'le ask
One queſtion, and I pray thou would'ſt unmask;
How is my Saviour ſuch a lover turn'd?
Is he grown wanton, amorous, that mourn'd?
Is he recover'd of his wounds, and fit
To court and woo a beauty? can he ſit
And uſe ſuch bleſſed dalliance? he all wet
In ſorrow, through whoſe cranies ſprung a ſweat,
The quinteſſence of grief? O can he ſtill
* Myrrhe from his limbeck hand, or dip his quill
In ſuch a ſonnet, which was ſteept (O glory!)
In his own bloud to write a crimſon ſtorie?
He hath no gay apparel, he's not brave;
You know he left his garments in the grave.
No gallant troup waits him; 'las none you finde
But creeples, poore apoſtles, and the blinde.
He hath no feaſts to frolick, no repaſt:
Fore't fourtie dayes, long Lent, he was to faſt.
Can his complexion ſuit a Ladies room
Who hath but lately peept out of his tombe?
Whoſe hair & breath's ſtill powderd with the duſt,
Perfumed with a grave, can he breathe luſt,

* Cap. 5. verſ. 5. From his fingers dropt myrrhe.

Luſt holy like himſelf? O can his lip
Drop wine, which he in vineger did dip?
Say, can he love this beautie, call her dear,
Who for an arrow's wounded with a ſpear?
Can he glide * like a Roe, ſo brisk, ſo light,
Upon whoſe feet hung ſuch an iron weight?
* Will he to th' garden uſher her, (O bliſſe!)
And there was firſt betrayed with a kiſſe?
* Can he trip through the lilies as he goes,
And thus with wounds crimſon'd into a roſe?
O yes, he's now, now in a glorious plight;
Now his *hypoſtaſis* ſheds ſtronger light,
To be ador'd, admir'd: ſee Lady, ſee;
You never ſaw lover ſo bright as he.
Myriads of ſp'rits, of naked ſouls a rout
Whoſe old bare liverie bodies are worn out,
Now clad in richer excellence, do wait
About this ſacred lover. O rare ſtate!
Who would not be thy ſpouſe? O let me be
But a poore page O Lord to wait on thee.

* Cant. 2.9. * Cant. 6.2. * Cant. 6.3.

*FINIS.*

# THE PICTURE OF GOD IN MAN, OR, THE IMAGE OF GOD IN MAN before the fall.

Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of *Cambridge*.
MDCXXXVI.

# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

GEORGE BUTLER

Esquire, one of his Majesties Councell established in the North.

*LEt others with their pencils and their skill*
*Paint you fresh objects of delight; my quill*
*Sheds no such various colours: I present*
*Your eyes with an old Picture that was lent*
*Man at his first creation. Pray Sir ope*
*This Paper cabinet that dwells in hope*
*Of honour from your eye. I dare commend*
*This Picture, God first limm'd: I onely send*
*It wrapt in verse: enough had I to do*
*To be the* Poet, *not the* Painter *too.*

Yours in all dutie and service

JOHN SALTMARSH.

THE

# THE PICTURE OF GOD IN MAN, OR, THE IMAGE OF GOD IN MAN before the fall.

## CHAP. I.

### *Why called the Picture.*

AS in a tablet where an Artists quill
Hath learn'dly travell'd to unload his (brought
skill,
Till to more constant being he hath
Which had but flitting essence in his thought;
Then to court admiration sets it forth
Till that some ruder pencill spoil the worth,
Till time with shadows darken it; and then
Draws cobweb curtains over it; some men

That finde this piece of art, and would enquire
Into this curious relique, will desire
To wipe off dustie yeares or strive to draw
Times envious traverse by, untill they saw
If any beautie were alive that might
Speak for the rest to their ambitious sight:
Thus fares't with man: for on the walls of clay
God did his exc'lent divine feature lay,
Yea hung it in this room of flesh: but sinne
That fair unvalu'd picture did begin
Soon to deface and blemish; we scarce spie
Any complexion of divinitie.
Yet we are busie wiping man decaid:
Some part looks fresh, the Picture is betraid.

## Chap. II.

*God[illegible]ure he drew upon man, excells the [illegible]ing art of men in presenting themselves.*

GOds tablet was a Soul; in that he drew,
None but the intellectuall eye could view:
Mans is a bodie: then this difference spie;
God paints to th' intellect, weak man to th' eye.

God did no other colours use but white;
And that was innocence, temper'd with bright
Rayes of his Deitie: man mixes black:
Mans colours do some of Gods colour lack.

God

God did his picture without ſhadow make;
His pencill ſhed no darkneſſe: man doth take
Moſt glory to ſhade well: then God is ſaid
To excell man as ſubſtance doth a ſhade.

God's good, and like himſelf did he limme man:
Man's ſinfull, and limme like himſelf he can:
So in comparing is this difference had;
God's the good Painter, ſinfull man the bad.

Thus pictur'd God his beauty on the ſoul:
Mans body to this *Venus* was the *mole*.

---

*The Riddles.*

MY pen mounting on wing, one did appeare,
And whiſper'd me theſe Riddles in my eare;
Mortall, ſaith he, I ſee what thou wouldſt have:
Search for a dead mans ſpirit in his grave:
Go forth in ſhade of darkeſt night, and ſay
Thy buſ'neſſe is to look about for day:
Walk in December to heare linnets ſing,
To pluck the youthfull poſie of a ſpring:
Look in thy Ladies mirrour for her face,
While ſhe is flitting to ſome other place:
Follow the nimble dove, and pointing ſay
Where ſhe did wing't through the diaphane way:
Go trace the fiſhes path, tell where they have
Stept on the fluid ſurface of a wave:

Go up and ſhew me where the lightning ſtood
After the firſt bright kiſſe upon a cloud:
Shew me the leaves of ſtone th' Almighties pen
Firſt writ on in the flaming mount; and then
Meaſure the path to Euphrates ſad banks:
Ask for the garden at thoſe weeping tanks;
Then for the tree and the unluckie bough
Where the firſt ſin hung and was pluckt: And now
Gaze up to ſee the ſtarre the heav'ns did hatch
To light the Eaſtern wiſdome to the cratch:
Do theſe, I ſhall beleeve there's one that can
Shew me the Picture of a God in man.

## CHAP. III.

*A repreſentation of God in man.*

I See the Sunne when he admiring ſtood
His face in the ſmooth mirrour of a cloud:
I lookt upon the cloud, and I did ſay,
There ſhines a Sunne, but with a watriſh ray.

Then did I think mans cleerer ſoul it was
To the Almighties count'nance as a glaſſe;
On which he looking, glimmering graces ſent,
Till the ſoul faintly did his God preſent.

To make a compleat mirrour, there is laid
Pellucide clearneſſe on an opake ſhade:

So

So body terminated ſoul; and why?
To do the ſervice of opacitie.

## Chap. IV.

### *The Image of God in man.*

God had an Image before man was known
Or quick'nd out of duſt, that wore his own
Feature of Deitie, one whom he bred
Out of his own Divinitie, and ſhed
From his indiviſible eſſence, who
Was coindiviſible with him too,
Who ſhar'd with him his *autouſie*, and was
His moſt indiſtant Image, more then as
The Sonne of man: he did communicate
Himſelf all infinite to him; his date
Was from eternitie, who after knit
Another eſſence to his own: from it
Reſulted that *hypoſtaſis*. Man's made
According to his image. Who can wade
With pen to the firſt image, and betray
The true repreſentation? let me ſtay,
And waken'd from a rapture cry, A bliſſe
Too infinite, too finite I for this.
Yet we have ſhadows: thus a Schoolman paints,
Though his weak pencill on his paper faints.
Gods Image, as the kings, is in his Sonne,
Who's of his own ſpecifick eſſence, one

With

With him a ſharer of himſelf: but man
Is like his coin, upon whoſe face he can
Stamp his own character: they differ much;
In form and eſſence it preſents none ſuch.

## Chap. V.

*Gods Picture not in the bodie of man.*

THink not the ſtructure of a man that part
Which God did faſhion with a meaner art:
For to the ſoul he did aſſemble all
The Senate of Divinitie, did call
A meeting of his Int'nite ſelf. Who can
Fancie that this ſame earthy part of man
Was like a God? God hath his eares, his eyes;
His back parts Moſes ſaw them and deſcries.
Is there a ſoul yet ſo concrete with ſenſe,
So ſtupid with a bodies influence?
To think theſe ſo, man onely doth expreſſe
Thus, 'cauſe he knows no ſpirits nakedneſſe,
Sees not their operation; ſo he gives
To them a conjunct ſtate in which he lives.
When one the picture of an Angel brings,
A naked youth fann'd with two golden wings,
I know theſe plumes are emblemes of his ſpeed,
Whoſe motion's inſtantanie: yet we need
Expreſſe it thus by wings, becauſe we know
Moſt motions to the volatile are ſlow.

Farre

Farre be from God a corporall eſſence: he
Is too incircumſcriptible to be
Figur'd: no other Archetype we finde
But that eternall figure of his minde.

## Chap. VI.

*Gods Pictture in the ſoul, and what it is.*

THe image is the Soul, a ſpirit made
Fit to preſent a Deitie, who's ſaid
To be a ſpirit too. Oh could the eye
That intellectuall ray reflect, and ſpie
The excellence of it ſelf, and in that ſtate
Wherein it firſt took being, fortunate,
Had it been longer liv'd! Oh what a day
Of graces brighten'd it! it body'd lay
Like a rich gemme ſhut in a cryſtall caſe, (grace.
Through whoſe tranſparent walls broke every
The intellect ſaw God, and could advance
To heav'n at pleaſure in a bleſſed trance:
Which like a holy torch did ſcatter light
To guide the will, who elſe would ſit in night
As blinde as dark: each facultie obey'd
And did them ſervice: nimble ſenſes ſtrayd
Never abroad to court their objects ſo
As to forget their God; they did all know
Him whereſoe're they travell'd: Deity
Gave them white liveries of integritie

To wait on him: none labour'd to betray
Their Lady to a ſinfull or dark way.
Mans eyes mov'd to good objects: you would think
That God did ſome intelligences link
To manage their ſwift motion: at his eares
Enter'd no harmonie, unleſſe the ſphears
Whiſper'd their muſick or ſome better note,
An Hallelujah from an Angels throat:
His breath, his words were like refined aire,
As holy as the incenſe of a prayer.
This was mans holier ſtate; here ye might ſee
Gods Picture in this rare conformitie
To him: each active member ſeem'd to move
Nimble to grace, trembling with fear and love;
As though God breathing upon Adams face,
Had blown in every arterie a grace.
But oh how is this picture ruin'd! where
Lives there ſo much of God, one may ſay, Here
Was he preſented once? yet we have juice
That from a ſacred ſide dropt; we make uſe
Of this ſo rich a colour to redeem
Gods thus decay'd complexion, till it ſeem
As freſh as at the firſt. Oh may I ſee
Such a fair Picture ſo reviv'd in me!

FINIS.

## *A meditation upon* Eternitie.

Methought I had a *Clepſydra* ſo wide,
It held the ocean in his proudeſt tide:
I ſtill'd by teares, by drops, this watrie main;
Yet I was glad to fill my glaſſe again.

Then all the ſands, all atomes of the aire
I did impriſon in a glaſſe: with care
I let the duſty minutes ſingle paſſe
To the laſt atome; yet I turn'd the glaſſe.

Methought I had a clock hung at a ſtarre:
My fancie ſpun the lines, the plummets were
Ty'd too, which reacht the centre that low ſtop;
Yet theſe runne down: again I wound them up.

Then when I ſaw Eternitie outgo
My clock, my glaſſe ſcorn'd to be meaſur'd ſo;
I ſpy'd an Angel hover, and did crie
To him, What's this you ſtyle Eternitie?

He ſpoke thus in his momentanie ſtay,
Go pluck from time his winged *Yeſterday*
And his *To morrow*. Then I askt him, How
Call you it? So he anſwer'd me, *A now*.

Then ſhew'd a * circle uniform and round,
And pointed to a chair ſet on the ground.
I weary with enquiries, thought me bleſt,
Sat in this embleme of eternall reſt.

* *Æternitatis emblema apud Ægyptios.*

## *Upon the reſt on the* Lords day.

THe world's Gods Lute; his creatures are the (ſtrings;
Gods finger gives them motion; Angels ſings
Their Hallelujahs to it; on week dayes
God to his glorious ſelf a leſſon playes:
For from this Univerſe ſo ſtrung, doth flie
A rare, an univerſall harmonie.
This is Gods weekly muſick: yet too long
Tenſion, he knows, may do his ſtrings ſome wrong.
A reſt to this great Lute he'l not denie,
So doth relax each ſtring, then layes it by.
We all are ſtrings, and faſtned to Gods Lute,
Who to this generall muſick contribute:
God ſlacks us from our duties, ſees we lack
Some reſt; elſe ſuch weak trebles would ſoon crack.

*FINIS.*

Taylor 1657.

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